

"FILM STARS PREFER" Soap and Water

WENDY MILLER
says: "I am delighted
with Lux Toilet Soap!
It removes every trace of
dirt and dust from the
pores — leaves my skin
so fresh and radiant
that even birthdays hold
no terrors for me!"



Now that beauty creams are getting so hard to buy, we can count ourselves lucky that we can still have the beauty treatment that keeps film star complexions so lovely.

This beauty treatment is Lux Toilet Soap. 9 out of 10 stars use this famous soap because its active lather sinks deep into the pores — gently loosens and floats out every trace of dust, stale make-up and city grime. It is this active lather that keeps film star complexions so gloriously smooth and clear.

Never mind if you can't get beauty creams. Lux Toilet Soap will give you a lovely complexion!

44. A TABLET (Including Purchase Tax)
A LEVER PRODUCT TL 1215-9-35



To Renew a Neckband



Sometimes a neckband is too small or has torn at the stud-holes. So make a new one from some matching material or a piece of the tail, using the old neckband, unpicked from the shirt, as a pattern. Then place the centre of the band on the centre of the neck edge and stitch into position—first on the right side and then on the wrong.

To Turn a Cuff

Detach cuff from sleeve of shirt by unpicking it. Reverse the cuff and attach the centre to the centre of the sleeve edge. Use a running stitch, easing in the sleeve material towards the wrist opening. Turn under raw edge of cuff and hem into position on the wrong side of the sleeve.



Patching a Tear

Cut a piece of matching material from the tail large enough to cover the tear and turn in a narrow hem. Place this on the wrong side of the garment, carefully matching the pattern of the shirt or the way the threads run. Then hem with tiny stitches into position. Turn on to right side and neaten edges of tear. Turn them under and stitch them neatly.



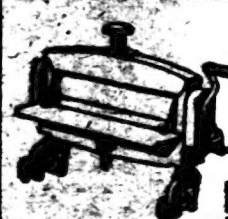
Don't Boil Shirts

It has been proved quite unnecessary to boil shirts. They come beautifully clean with a 12-minute soak in Rinso and hot tap water. And shirts washed this way last 4 months longer. If cuffs and neckbands are very dirty — damp them, then smooth a little dry Rinso on so that it forms a paste. Then let them soak for 12 minutes. With a quick wash-through they'll be lovely and clean.

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN
a 3025-760 R. S. Hudson Limited

a word of
four letters
meaning
the finest
wringer-
mangle-
cleanser-
all in one!
ACME

The makers deeply regret that, owing to war conditions, it may be impossible to supply the limited stocks of ACME Wringer at present available. Whenever peace is restored and conditions allow, ACMEs will again be obtainable through all good Ironmongers, Hardware and Furnishing Stores.



THE ACME LION

MEN OF COOL COURAGE . . .



**FIND BONDMAN
THE COOLEST
SMOKE OF ALL**

There's need to be cool when "Duty" follows daily duty — with briefer moments 'at ease'. Men fill the breaks with a mellow pipe of Bondman — and satisfaction's complete. Fill up with Bondman — light up and you'll agree it's cool.

**LLOYDS'
Bondman**

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/7 per oz.
EMPIRE BLEND . . . 1/5 per oz.

TOBACCO
IN 1 OZ. VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cape Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1
regd.

Healthy dogs
make
good companions



Despite wartime handicaps, your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's. Just 'one a day' will keep him always fit, friendly, companionable.

BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDER
keep dogs fit



Excuse me—
Inner Cleanliness
comes first!

See how
Andrews Liver Salt refreshes and purifies:
FIRST. Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.
NEXT. Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN. Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.
FINALLY. To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently cleans the bowels. . . . Price: 10/4d. and 1/6/4d. including purchase tax.

ANDREWS
LIVER SALT

17 times more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times; if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is pure 'LIVE' Yeast.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B than 1-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals; you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE & VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—for exceeding any other Yeast."

All Chemists . . . 1/5, 3/4, 5/7 (including Purchase Tax) Tablets
Ask for PHILLIPS—the GUARANTEED PURE 'LIVE' YEAST WITHOUT DRUGS

Phillips
TONIC YEAST
is LIFE ITSELF!

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 23, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."



INVASION I

● Nazis fear a British invasion of the Continent.

The German radio says: "That the enemy is not idle on the Western Front is proved by his almost daily attempts to raid the Channel coast."

A Stockholm message to the Independent French Agency says that Germans have been warned to comb forests when any R.A.F. planes force-land.

Workers imported from occupied countries "who might be able to help British paratroops" must be watched by all good Germans, it is announced.

Other reports from Swedish sources speak of "British paratroops."

Now such instructions may not indicate that British invasions have actually taken place, but some of them certainly suggest a most gratifying epidemic of Nazi jitters!

Meanwhile the famous Norwegian destroyer *Sleipner* continues to boost patriot morale by a series of daring raids on the Norwegian coast, according to Stockholm.

So daring and numerous are her exploits that Norwegians say, when things are bad, "Never mind, the *Sleipner* will get them!"

The story may well be true or have a basis of truth. Most people believe that our forces should be making raids on enemy-held territory.

If they do, it is to be hoped that we shall tell the world about them, for presumably this would not be giving information to the enemy.

Straight from the Shoulder

RAM IN EVERY WORD

LET us make our Peace Aims help to win the Peace!

Now, at last, we can tell the world not only why we are fighting, but for what we are fighting.

We can inspire our friends, dishearten our foes. We can implement our alliances by building a new and strong front against Nazism that will extend even into the Nazi lands.

We must now use every word as well as every weapon we can command.

Hope for Humanity

From the broadcasting stations of Britain and Russia and the U.S.A. the new hope for humanity should be blazoned by day and night.

It should be echoed by the Freedom radio units that speak bravely and perilously in the Occupied countries.

Planned Prosperity

It must be reiterated in printed leaflets and books. It should be emphasised in pictures and cartoons, conveyed even by word of mouth.

For the despairing doctrine of Hitler's "New Order" of slavery and want, we must substitute the Allies' real plan for a New World of liberty and prosperity.

Fan the Flames!

Spur on our gallant helpers in Holland. Cheer the angry saboteurs of Norway.

Deepen the sullen resentment of the French against their conquerors and lickspittle traitors. Give them an ideal for which to work.

Encourage neutrals to resist aggression.

And, above all, increase Italy's war-weariness and hatred of the Nazis; sow doubt and discord in Germany itself!

Resentment and Revolt

It can be done.

In the Occupied countries, secret opposition to the invaders is growing. The incredibly brave peasants of Yugoslavia and Greece are now using their hidden guns.

Italy is ripe for revolt. Germany's terrible losses can no longer be concealed from her people.

All-Out Campaign

Now the Allies have armed themselves with a new weapon.

A powerful aid to winning the war, a pledge of ordered peace to follow, it must be exploited to the full.

Quickly, by every means we can devise, with continual reiteration and

emphasis, it should make its effects felt throughout the world.

New Battlefields

Quickly, because one of the great crises of the war looms near. Vast extensions of the fighting threaten us.

Galled by the comparative failure of his Russian campaign, Hitler seeks fresh lands to conquer and thus to confront us with fresh difficulties.

Far East Explosion

It is on his desperate counsels as well as their own policy of greed that the warlords of Tokio move their yellow armies northwards and southwards.

Singapore. Burma. Hong-Kong. The Dutch East Indies. Russia's eastern frontier. The Philippines. Australia.

All are threatened.

Vichy Villainy

There are new perils nearer home.

Senile Pétain, who prates of honour, jettisons its last vestige. Arch-traitor Darlan gains an "honour," for he now wears on his sleeve the seven stars of an Admiral of France.

It is his reward for past treachery, his spur to future treason.

Note that main roads, even second- and third-class roads, leading from France to Spain, are being overhauled; bridges are strengthened to take tanks.

Spain Prepares

In Spain, all roads leading across from France to Portugal are being metalled by Franco's political prisoners.

Do you think poverty-stricken Spain would undertake such costly work just to keep its Socialists out of jail?

Would not Portugal make an excellent base for Nazi bombers and U-boats to attack our Atlantic life-line?

African Time

Along the North African coast Nazi "tourists" increase in numbers and activities.

Soon it will be fighting weather there. Who will take the initiative—Germany or Britain?

Both sides are ready. But on our eastern flank, Iran's attitude embarrasses us.

Red Light

Our warnings to Iran have been ignored. Nazi agents continue to arrive in the Shah's domain—a potential danger to our African operations—to Turkey, to Russia's "back door."

We cannot afford to allow them to remain under the Shah's protection.

We cannot allow them to repeat the performance that we stopped in Syria.

In Command

In Syria, an interesting development has been staged by General Catroux.

He has placed under his command all the Vichy troops awaiting repatriation to France.

Intensive propaganda, with the Allies' Peace Aims as the main point, might persuade many of these fine troops to join the Free French.

Turkish Dilemma

The position of neighbouring Turkey has been strengthened in two ways.

Our occupation of Syria, the British and Soviet pledges to aid her against aggression, have increased her determination to fight if attacked.

But, in another way, her position has been weakened. The German drive to the Caucasus increases her vulnerability to sea attack.

Oiling the Machine

It also increases our danger.

If the Nazi drive in that direction continues, if Hitler gains the oil wealth he covets, it will not only give his military machine fresh vigour.

It will sap the vigour of Russia's military and agricultural might.

The Russian Scene

Hitler has already conquered by the Russian campaign more territory than the whole of Germany.

Yet the campaign has not been successful—so far. He has not decimated the Russian armies and is unlikely to do so.

The Russians are still displaying superb spirit and strategy. Their confidence has been underlined by the wise and comprehensive alliance by which they are now bound with Britain.

Pleasant Shock

Their equipment is good. Indeed, it has startled the world.

Their tanks are a match for the German panzer divisions. Their most modern fighting planes are as good as our Spitfires.

But have they enough of either to continue to afford heavy losses? Or will they have to rely increasingly on older types?

Keeping Mum

Those questions are no doubt being anxiously asked by the German High Command.

There will be no answers from Moscow or London.

But this much may be said here:

Whatever Russia's reserves may be, the very fury of the greatest battle in history causes her to require great quantities of war material from the United States.

Diversified

Even the U.S.A. cannot supply both Russia and Britain *in full* at the same time.

Supplies earmarked for Britain are having to be sent, rightly, to Russia.

And U.S.A. war production is not quite so satisfactory as it might be.

Below Par

It seems that the threatened shortage of steel for the American arms programme may be avoided.

To make up the lack of 11,000,000 tons of steel, makers of cars and other civilian goods will be able to get only what can be spared.

Nevertheless, American production will not reach its peak for many months to come.

Up to Us

Clearly, therefore, it is more necessary than ever that Britain should depend on her own arms production.

We cannot afford to bank on estimated supplies from across the Atlantic.

We dare not leave "soft spots" in our arms industries. They are as dangerous as soft spots in coastal defences.

Tell the World

And the greatest fact of all that emerges from the momentous consultations in the Atlantic, from the jungle of complications throughout the world, is that at last the Allies' plan for war and peace has been plainly stated.

It cannot be restated too often. It cannot be spread too widely.

It should inspire ourselves and all those who share our ideals of peace, liberty and justice.

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

ESSENTIAL supplies are still being denied to people on essential war work.

Apparently, it is part of official policy.

One Home Guard company patrols an area that contains thousands of acres of ripening crops.

"As a result of petrol shortage," it must now leave the crops and important works unpatrolled for two nights in every three.

Yet its six cars use only about three gallons a night. How many gallons are used by the big cars that take civilians to race meetings?

Hard Labour

You'll remember that recently we told you of a Ministry of Information official—important enough to have two secretaries—who has been waiting for months for a chair to sit on.

He's still waiting. Sometimes he works all day and far into the night—standing at his desk.

Raise a Shout!

There appears to be an increase of pilfering in the Army and R.A.F.

It's inevitable that some rogues should be included in our vast armed forces. But the pilfering problem was successfully tackled in the last war, and could be smashed now.

First essential is that every man who loses a letter or parcel should report to his superior officer.

Double Price

Pilots in training at one R.A.F. station have to pay double prices for cigarettes

at their own canteen or go without. The excess may be paid in cash or liquor, according to the barman's wish.

Bribes for Meals

The pilots-to-be also find that if they want their meals hot, and in time for them to dash off to the next lecture or parade, they have to bribe the mess stewards.

Would the Air Ministry like the name of the station? And do these filthy ramps flourish elsewhere?

Mothering the Tommies

Army welfare arrangements, like everything else, are just absurd when pushed to extremes; witness the story of twelve soldiers who got very wet.

To minister to their comfort, twenty-seven A.T.S. girls were called from billets, cinemas and a dance: had to go through worse rain than the twelve young men had experienced.

Hard Lying

Here's a contrast:

At one Army course seven men lacked beds. There were beds to spare in a near-by Army billet. So the seven men, with an N.C.O.'s permission, fetched seven beds.

They had just set them up when a senior N.C.O. ordered their return. So seven men slept on the floor for seven nights.

Then an officer asked why. Result, the seven men were ordered to fetch the seven beds back.

Notice to Quit

Another London A.F.S. man has been dismissed because he was injured while on duty. Moreover, the L.C.C. has given him notice to quit from his council house.

His rent fell into arrears last winter owing to illness. But he paid full rent and 2s off the arrears from last June until a fortnight ago.

Now, what about that "debt of gratitude" we owe to the A.F.S.?

Stranded Wives

Hundreds of women are stranded with their children in evacuation areas. They have received little or no money from their husbands since they left the cities.

Should they be granted maintenance orders against the husbands?

Magistrates don't know how to answer. And so their decisions often conflict.

Legal Quandary

Many of the husbands cannot afford to keep two homes going. The law is that a man cannot be expected to maintain his wife if he provides her with a good home and she leaves it without reasonable excuse.

But the Government persuaded the women to leave danger zones. Is that a "reasonable excuse"?

The position is so perplexing that the High Court will shortly be asked to give a ruling.

It is needed urgently.

Glad to Hear It!

Whitehall has gone into action after our disclosures of billeting allowances being drawn by unauthorised persons.

Ministry of Health is now making enquiries. One official, visiting a woman who had given information to JOHN BULL, says he has been "very enlightened." Which means, we hope, dark days for the billeting rogues.

Food in Plenty

If you can afford to stay at good hotels in Torquay or the Lakeland, you can have ham and eggs or bacon and tomatoes for breakfast, roast meat for lunch, roast poultry or game for dinner.

Hundreds of thousands of miners have no pithead canteens, take bread and jam down the pit with them.

Equal sacrifices?

We Don't Know

Write to JOHN BULL about it—but don't expect us always to be able to give an answer.

We can't tell you, for example, why some loophole is always left in a controlled price scheme to help the food racketeers.

A week's notice was given before the price of plums was fixed. In that week half-ripe plums and maggotty windfalls were hastily gathered and sold to the public at 2s. or 2s. 6d. a pound.

It happened, too, in the case of apples.

Why They Bought

True, housewives were foolish to pay. But they have seen so many 'oodstuffs vanish from the shops on the day prices were controlled that they may be excused for buying while they could.

No Questions

There will be another opening for profit/ying if one reader's experience becomes general.

A fire bomb damaged a carpet and a chair. He claimed £20.

No one inspected the damage. Instead, he received a buff printed form asking if he would accept fourteen guineas.

Sign, Please

He called at the claims office and was interviewed by a young girl.

"How do you know I ever had a carpet?" he asked.

"Oh, we know," she said airily.

"But don't you want to see it?"

"No, you can do away with it now," she answered. "Sign here."

He signed on the dotted line and is awaiting the fourteen guineas.

Police Tickets

You've seen those American films in which policemen hand out summonses on the spot to motoring offenders. Well, Scotland Yard has adopted the plan.

With this difference:

A cautionary notice, not a summons, will be given to minor offenders. But further action will be taken if it is found that the motorist has been reported previously for similar offences.

V and T

Following the V for Victory sign comes a T for Traitor campaign.

The T will be drawn or painted on the doors of all quillings in the Nazi-occupied countries.

It will be the beginning of their punishment. It will be a warning to all who might be tempted to imitate their treachery.

Fool Proof

It is almost as good an idea as the V-for-Victory. And it cannot be cheapened.

Let us be frank about the V campaign. It has been degraded by fools for whom it was not intended.

It was designed for German-oppressed peoples, a gesture of defiance against the invaders.

Unfortunately, moneymakers have tried to make dollars and pounds of the symbol that others have paid for with their lives.

It Can't Happen Here

This, at least, cannot happen with the word symbol.

No smart dress-designer or toy-trader can hope to reap easy money by selling T for Traitor novelties.

Four-Fold

Next satisfactory development is the news of the great increase in the Free French merchant navy.

Prominence should also be given to the fact that the Norwegian Navy has four times as many men as a year ago. By the end of the year its size will be doubled again.

Evidently the Nazis can't prevent Norwegian volunteers from arriving in Britain.

Hurry Up!

Readers who have not yet applied for our great book offer—"The Miracle of the Human Body"—should do so without delay, for demand has been so great that the offer must shortly be withdrawn.

Behind the News

● Hitler's man-power problem is getting worse. Latest effort to ease it is Nazi-Spanish agreement to exchange labour (why, no one knows), but, actually, only Spanish workers are going to Germany.

● Other labour difficulties are threatening. Mass transfer scheme from western to eastern factories through fear of R.A.F. has failed. Hitler does not know where to send his munitioners now that the Russians are bombing his "safe" frontier.

● Huge numbers of other civilians are also searching for safety areas. Anger and discontent among the poorer classes are being fanned by the exodus of rich Nazis to Austria.

● Goebbels is trying to devise new public relay system for Nazi broadcasting. Stung by B.B.C. and Russian propaganda, he wants to destroy all sets capable of receiving them.

● Personal intrigues are becoming open in high Nazi circles. Playing their own games with hell-cat ferocity are Fraus Ribbentrop and Goering, who have long tried to get the better of each other.

● Party racketeers are trying to safeguard their skins against the future. Unfavourable reaction on the rank and file is noted, and leaders are finding it hard to maintain discipline.

● Nazi diplomacy has had another setback in Lisbon. After continued boasting of certainty of Nazi victory in the Atlantic, Portuguese ask why only the British Navy was there to welcome returning President from Azores trip. This simple fact has created a deep impression in Spain, where Goebbels has "sunk" the whole British Navy.

● Bulgaria has given her invaders an unexpected knock. Whole sections of the population have given refuge to Greek and Slav guerrillas; high Bulgarian officers have been purged; hundreds of others have resigned in consequence.

● First reactions since Petain's attempted gagging of France show that several unexpected surprises may soon be experienced by Germany if she thinks that French bases and the navy are now "easy money."

● While militarists in Tokio are pressing ahead with their programme, growing feeling among the Liberals against further risks of war is developing a cleavage of public opinion which the Black Dragons cannot afford.

● Watch for new names coming to the front in Italy. Mussolini is threatened with an internal crisis more serious than any he has yet had to face. Even the Nazis in Rome are anxious.

END THIS SCANDAL OF TRANSPORT!

STORMS are brewing in Parliament over the transport muddle, and the sooner they blow up the better we shall be pleased.

Somebody—either the Minister of Transport and Shipping himself or whoever may be hampering him in his task—ought to be “blown up” with them.

For waste, delay, overlapping and disregard of national needs in favour of sectional interests have impeded our war effort from the start, and are impeding it still.

They will continue to do so until the State takes over the ownership of the railways and brings every other form of transport under its own direct control.

The country has been led to expect this essential unification. Lord Reith was understood to favour it when he took over the Ministry of Transport.

Impatient citizens heaved a sigh of relief and said: “Ah, now we shall get a move on!” But nothing happened and there was no move until Reith himself moved on.

Colonel Moore-Brabazon followed him, achieved no more, and was in his turn translated to another office.

Then, last May, Mr. Leathers emerged from the world of big business and was instantly promoted to the Upper House. He was reputed to be a man of action and, once again, we hoped for a national transport plan.

Under Lord Leathers, Transport and Shipping were coupled together for the first time—at least, in the title of the new Ministry. This lent support to confident rumours of transport unification within three months.

But Double Summer Time has ended, August nears its close, and no plan has emerged.

Everything, we are told, is working smoothly on the railways. Everybody—we can well believe—is working smoothly at the Ministry.

BUT NATIONAL TRANSPORT IS NOT WORKING SMOOTHLY. THE PRESENT MINISTER, LIKE HIS PREDECESSORS, HAS “MISSED THE BUS” AND THE PUBLIC CONTINUES TO MISS THE BUSES, WHICH ARE FEW ENOUGH NOW AND WILL BE FEWER IN COMING MONTHS.

This is not good enough. A shocking muddle is in danger of becoming a national scandal.

Nobody can fool all the public all the time, and it is not only in Westminster that people are beginning to ask what lies behind the Government's reluctance to carry through an obvious war-time reform.

JOHN BULL can answer that question in two words: “Vested Interests”; particularly the vast business and financial interests vested in the great railway companies and the London Passenger Transport Board.

WHILE retaining their separate managements, these undertakings passed under Government control as from September 1, 1939, and they have since shared guaranteed minimum profits of £40,000,000 a year.

Railway stocks naturally boomed after the terms of this bad bargain for the country became known, and their market value has since increased by at least £100,000,000.

Profits largely in excess of the guarantee have been realised, stock and shareholders have received dividends well above the recent pre-war average, fares and freights have risen and road transport has been almost eliminated.

ON THESE BROAD FACTS ALONE THE CASE FOR NATIONAL OWNERSHIP—WHICH WOULD FEAR NO COMPETITION AND COULD REGULATE FARES AND FREIGHTS PURELY IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST—IS SURELY OVERWHELMING.

But JOHN BULL maintains further that, without national ownership, or at least a national lease of the railways for duration, the essential unification of the

entire problem—rail, road, canal and coastal traffic—is impossible.

Carriage of goods by road ought never to have been suppressed. Under modern conditions the heavy lorry is an essential adjunct to the steam engine, for there are countless loads that can be carried swiftly and economically by road instead of slowly and expensively by rail.

Again, we ought, beyond the slightest doubt, to make greater use of our inland waterways. The Government itself asked for a report on the canal system, and Mr. Frank Pick supplied one in admirable and practical detail.

What has happened to that report? We do not doubt that it has been noted, docketed, passed on to all sorts of people for reference and for comment—and then pigeon-holed. At all events, no bigger flow of barges yet disturb the fisherman's idle float on idle waters.

COMPLAINTS CONSTANTLY REACH THIS OFFICE OF ROAD CHAOS; OF WORKERS DELAYED IN GETTING TO AND FROM THEIR WORK FOR LACK OF TRANSPORT, AND OF SHOCKING DELAYS IN THE ARRIVAL OF ESSENTIAL SUPPLIES TO WAR FACTORIES.

Last year the country was told that the then coal famine was due in the main to transport difficulties. Now we face another famine caused more directly by shortage of labour.

But distribution of coal, food and all other supplies is still scarcely less vital than production itself and, if the coal which ought to have been stocked in advance were actually available at the pitheads to-day, the lines would still be cluttered with empty trucks in the wrong places.

Apart from our immediate war needs, the success or failure of post-war reconstruction must largely depend upon efficient organisation of every form of transport.

JOHN BULL can see no way to achieve this except by unified State control. Goods would then be dispatched from place to place by coastwise vessels, canal barge, lorry or railway truck with only two considerations in view—economy or speed.

Under a system of this kind, we should fear no repetition of the scandalous traffic congestion which occurred during the Bank Holiday period, for the central transport authority would see to it either that trains and coaches were provided in sufficient numbers or that the public were forbidden to travel.

WE REALISE THAT IN WAR TIME THE CARRIAGE OF GOODS AND TROOPS MUST COME FIRST, BUT WE DO NOT ADMIT FOR A MOMENT THAT THIS PRIOR CLAIM SUPPLIES ANY EXCUSE FOR THE EXISTING DEFICIENCIES IN PASSENGER TRANSPORT.

These arise almost entirely from lack of co-ordination and central planning. The working public has a right to demand adequate transport. It has that right because the quick and cheap and even comfortable conveyance of war workers to and from their places of employment is essential to maximum production.

Moreover, nothing will persuade the public, and nothing will persuade JOHN BULL either, that road services must be curtailed because of petrol shortage.

There may be, and no doubt there are, good reasons for curtailing certain services at certain hours. But, so long as private cars can be driven for pleasure purposes, no useful public service should go short of fuel.

We know that the national transport problem will be forced upon the attention of the Government once more in the near future.

Lord Leathers and his colleagues in the Cabinet would do well to prepare their case in advance, and to meet their critics with a plan for unification which they are prepared to put into immediate effect.



Russians and Germans meeting in the snow during a truce in the last war

Their Fathers Froze to Death in Russia

ATALL, stooping German youth with hollow cheeks, his ears heavily bandaged, hands red and swollen, a dry cough blurring his words.

This picture came to my mind when I read that “Hitler has ordered his generals to prepare for a winter campaign in the East.”

The young German was a friend of my childhood. He lives in my memory as he came back from the victorious German campaign in Russia during the last war. Six months later he was dead.

He is only one of millions of Germans and Austrians who went through war winter in Russia.

They Cannot Forget

The memory lives in the whole German nation, for there is hardly a family who did not have a relative in that war.

“We had been marching sixteen hours,” one of the old German soldiers used to tell me, “when we were promised a night's rest.”

“All along the road the snow had been beaten down by heavy artillery and vehicles. Yet when our guide told us to branch off to the left where we would find a village we suddenly faced a wall of snow.”

“We started digging to find the footpath. Night fell, and one after another could not resist temptation to sit down and rest. But the temperature was sinking fast and our N.C.O.s went about boxing our ears to keep us awake. Many died.”

Many of the troops who survived, returned so exhausted that they were human wrecks for the rest of their lives.

I have seen letters from Russia, written in dug-outs by German soldiers. One could almost visualise their trembling fingers, their stiff arms, their freezing bodies. They wrote feebly—even their thoughts seemed to be frozen stiff.

Exhausted and Crazy

Exhaustion of the German troops in Russia contributed to the defeat they later suffered in the West. Hitler knows it, for he himself returned from the Russian front with “nervous symptoms,” with threatening blindness, exhausted, crazy—as he has remained.

The Russian winter—little hardship for the Russians themselves—penetrates the fur coats of Westerners who can survive in nicely heated hotel rooms of the big cities but are threatened by the white death on open fields.

Whatever the Nazi generals prepare for the winter—it will not save the Reichswehr from disaster if they have to fight in Russia in the snow.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Food, Work and Production

I HAVE been paying visits for twenty years to the industrial North.

Although I was born there I have little liking for the grimy streets and the smoke-ridden skies. But I like the people, their lack of "side," the warmth in their hearts and the frankness in their tongues.

I knew the North when its skies were more or less clear; when shipyards stood idle and rotting; when blast-furnaces were cold and lifeless; and when the steel plant stacks thrust smokeless spouts into the air.

Those were the days when friends of former years searched in vain for work. Their souls were bitter and they had to fight hard to retain their manhood and their self-respect.

★ ★ ★

A few days ago I was again in the drab, grey streets. They were bustling and alive. The shipyards were hotbeds of industry. Day and night pig-iron flowed from the blast-furnaces and steel came in glowing ingots from the open hearth electric plants.

This was the mighty North I used to know—girding its strength in the cause of Britain, giving of its best, pitting its skill and brain and muscle against that of the much-bombed Ruhr.

Once these workers were tired in spirit, sick at heart. Now they come home full of spirit but tired in body.

I travelled in a bus which linked two industrial towns. Many a fine lady I know in the residential South would not have boarded that bus. For its cargo was dirty.

The men who sank wearily into seats—some too tired even to look at an evening newspaper—wore dirty clothes. Their hands were calloused and grimy; their eyes looked strangely white in work-stained faces.

Their lives, apart from rare week-end breaks, were a monotonous round of work, food and sleep. And as I looked at them, pondering the debt which the nation owes them, I wondered whether the food they got was enough.

Those of us who lead sedentary lives find the rations ample. The pangs of hunger are not for us. But I wonder how we would stand up to the gruelling toil that is the daily lot of the men I saw.

In the heavy industrial belt of Britain—that belt which brings us the coal, the steel, the iron and the ships without which all war effort is useless—there is a feeling that the workers are underfed.

★ ★ ★

These men must carry on. Without them, without ensuring that the country gets the best out of them, production would fall.

A statesman of courage, with his finger on the pulse of industrial Britain, should have no hesitation in increasing the rations of these men.

And if it should be asked where the extra meat and cheese is to come from, why, let the State dock the rations of soft-living civilians whose hardest manual work is a spot of digging in a garden plot measuring a few square yards.

Some civilians in sedentary jobs would object. Let them. The miner, the blast-furnaceman, the steelworker, the plater, the riveter are our shock troops of industry. Without their unstinted aid we perish.

The State must realise this; must treat them as generously.

Another thing: Beer and cigarettes are scarcer in the North than in the residential counties of the South.

Such gross inequality is stupid. If ever men were entitled to their beer and "baccy," they are the men who toil and sweat under the smoke-laden skies of the industrial North.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.,
Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—What a great and inglorious muddle has been made of the fire guard scheme!

Now, at last, you are anxious to form it into a compact organisation.

Now—when the longer nights are already here.

Now—more than seven months after the terrible warning of the Second Great Fire of London.

It has taken two years of war to open official eyes to the peril of the incendiary bomb. Moscow seems to have tackled the danger within two days.

You can, of course, report some progress. You have just "made your wishes clear" to local authorities.

I notice that in these untimely wishes you refer to fire-fighting arrangements. You no longer talk of fire-watching.

But, because the scheme began as a fire-watch, all kinds of unfit people were pressed into service.



OPEN LETTERS

ADOLF HITLER,
Supreme Optimist

LITTLE HOPEFUL.—I'm amused to note that in your latest "peace offer" you propose to give Canada to the United States.

Hadn't you better capture the British Empire before trying to dispose of it?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. H. MAXWELL,
Tobacco Controller

DEAR SIR,—More cigarettes and tobacco are reaching the public than ever before," you say.

Maybe. But they are not reaching arms workers in many towns.

I frankly disbelieve the official explanation that all the trouble is due to hoarding.

It is surely bad distribution that allows dance halls to get ample supplies while shops in munition towns go without.

And it doesn't seem to have occurred to anyone to tackle the real trouble.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD BEAVERBROOK,
Minister of Supply

MY LORD,—Munition workers in one factory are on ten days' holiday. They deserve it.

But they have received only one day's pay—10s. less 2s. for unemployment and health insurance, hospital and welfare contributions.

One man has nine children. How on earth can he keep them for ten days on eight shillings?

Knowing that your views on paid holidays are as emphatic as my own, I guess you'll echo the question with some asperity. And I hope you'll have something unpleasant to say to the employers.—JOHN BULL.

General SIMOVITCH,
Yugo-Slav Prime Minister

DEAR GENERAL,—Your recent account of the Balkans campaign seems to prove that it delayed the attack on Russia and temporarily saved Turkey.

More recently still has come news of your people's desperate revolt against the Nazi army of occupation.

Armed with weapons—even artillery—they had carefully hidden, they are re-

peating their gallant and desperate resistance that won our gratitude.

Britain will not forget.—JOHN BULL.

JAMES RIMMER,
Dairy Cottages, Windsor

SIR,—The local magistrates never did a better day's work than when they fined you £50 and a baker £10.

You persuaded the baker to make 12 cwt. of bread for greyhounds.

War time regulations are essential for public safety. Waste bread, and you help Hitler's efforts to starve us out.

The £50 fine may enable you to feel the force of the argument.—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF A.R.P. OFFICER,
Brighton

DEAR SIR,—A boy of seven, running out of school, was knocked down by a bus and horribly injured.

Within a hundred yards was an A.R.P. post, with first-aid equipment and ambulances. But both first-aid treatment and the use of an ambulance were refused. They were reserved for bomb victims!

So the dying child had to be taken to hospital in a van.

What a deplorable example of red-taped folly!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. GIBSON JARVIE,
Director, North-West Ports

SIR,—You hold an important office. But it does not justify officiousness.

You control a chain of ports. You cannot be allowed to control the Press.

You may be able to deal with the dockers. But I do not think you are a match for J. B. Priestley, with whom you have so rashly sought a sparring bout.

Mr. Priestley wrote an article on the Liverpool Docks. You were very angry because it had not been submitted for your approval.

You had previously denied him facilities for visiting the docks, unless he was prepared to fulfil certain conditions.

Those conditions were not submitted to him in time; Mr. Priestley therefore made his dockland investigation outside the limits of your jurisdiction.

Thereupon you accused him of "indiscipline" and "irresponsibility." You stated that he had lied.

You did not know, I suppose, that his article had been passed both by the

I have reported many such cases. You choose to ignore them.

Perhaps you will now explain how you expect elderly men with diseased hearts to stand up to the strenuous job of fire-fighting—to become, in fact, actual firemen.

You urge proper training for all fire guards.

I wish this obvious necessity had been realised earlier. It was certainly urged in these columns long ago, as well as the need for ladders and other essential equipment.

I have no doubt that you have been hampered by the slowness of some local authorities.

But what a pity you cannot forget you were once the champion of unfettered local government! What a pity you hesitate to compel the laggards to do their duty!

What a pity you do not tell us when adequate training will begin and how long it will last!—JOHN BULL.

Admiralty and the Ministry of Information.

You should also know by now that the Press is not disposed to tolerate a private censorship, and that it has more regard for the authority of State Departments than that of a Regional Port Director.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS,
Benfleet, Essex

GENTLEMEN,—Ratepayers refuse to believe that nearly 400 gallons of petrol, reported missing in June, 1940, can have evaporated into thin air.

A report on the matter is now being prepared, I'm told. Don't take another year to consider it!—JOHN BULL.

Commander FIREBRACE,
Britain's Chief Fireman

DEAR COMMANDER,—Promotions in one London A.F.S. brigade were offered to sub-officers with at least eighteen months' service and actual fire-fighting experience, and to auxiliary firemen with six months' service.

Yet two of the men promoted were office workers who had never attended a fire. Another man had only just joined. Why?—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL,
Slagness

GENTLEMEN,—In your town soldiers' wives with young children cannot get Morrison shelters.

Nor can a woman whose husband is in the Navy, and who is carrying on his civilian work. She leaves at seven in the morning to attend to boiler fires; does she not deserve protection for her little girls?

It doesn't console her to know that seven councillors have been able to get shelters.—JOHN BULL.

Sir PHILIP GAME,
Commissioner of Met. Police

DEAR SIR PHILIP,—Heard of the man whose car was stolen from a cinema car park? In it were secret documents belonging to the Ministry of Supply.

There have been several such cases lately. It's time you were allowed to prosecute fools who leave important documents unguarded and thus endanger national security.—JOHN BULL.

They Brought Back Half a Ship!

CAPTAIN SMALL, of the tanker *Imperial Transport*, can claim a distinction unique even among the hard-case skippers of these war time years. For he sailed *half a ship* more than three hundred miles, and got it safely home.

Tankers are extremely costly to build, and they carry cargoes as important as any that traverse the dangerous seas in war time. It is common knowledge that Hitler has given his *Luftwaffe*, his *Unterseeboote*, and his pocket battleships special orders: "Sink half the British tanker fleet and I will win the war."

So sailing in a tanker nowadays is a perilous honour, for enemy attackers, given the choice, will always pick out and destroy the tankers even from among the fattest merchant convoy or fleet.

Could Tell a Thrilling Story

Imperial Transport is a big, dirty-looking ship, ugly and sturdy and practical, and she can carry upwards of 16,000 tons of oil. She has a complete shelter deck running the whole length of the vessel, oil-tight hatches, and two pump-rooms with pump, capable of discharging 1,500 tons of fuel an hour. She can refuel a ship on the high seas.

She could tell a story of war, adventure, this dirty old oiler, that would make most naval Secret Service yarns look like last year's *Comic Cuts*.

Was there a naval battle in the offing, or a pocket battleship to be run down, or a bad shoal of those under-*sea* sharks, the U-boats, to be tackled, or a particularly vital cargo to be transported, you could count on seeing her blunt, ugly nose somewhere in the show.

For some of the finest warships of the Royal Navy used to look on this old crate as their "mother ship"; and before every big do they have had to refuel "somewhere on the water," with wires overhead and fenders overside, the big hose between, the usual perilous leap of a few of the tanker's crew aboard the warship to "bag" whatever they can win from the canteen, and the inevitable squabble as to whether the oiler is over-claiming for oil put across, or whether the warship is trying to get a score of tons "on the cheap."

Away out in mid-Atlantic, she was stumping along at her steady, heavy pace, the smoke puffing greasily out of her single funnel aft, at peace with the world, with the sleek Atlantic rollers sliding by.

Some distance away, thirty feet below the sea level, a German submarine officer jumps to new activity. His eye at the periscope, surrounded by a mass of intricate machinery, he gives curt orders.

Weapon of Death

The men at one of the port torpedo tubes flood the tube to outside sea pressure. The front cap opens. An officer presses a pistol-grip mechanism, and compressed air sends the enormous weapon of death sliding gently away towards the distant tanker.

The U-boat sailors make swift adjustments to prevent the nose of their vessel rising, due to the sudden loss of weight. The £2,000 missile, with its 350-h.p. radial engine, its 6,000 delicate bits of interlocked machinery, and its 500 lb. high explosive warhead, travels at 50 knots towards its victim, kept automatically on its aimed course by means of a delicate gyroscope running at 18,000 revolutions per minute.

The German Commander utters a sharp "Ah!" And "Hell Hitler!" he murmurs.

For the torpedo has struck home.

It has taken the *Imperial Transport* fairly, about a third of the way back from her bows; and, with a terrific shuddering explosion, she blows up.

She was hit under the waterline, and in a vital spot. As the enormous water-spout clears and the debris and muck fall back into the sea, the German at the periscope can see that his quarry has been cut clean in half.

The whole bow portion—practically half the ship—falls back and slides below the water. There is a stupendous surging clucking noise, and a whirlpool forms, and then some thousands of tons of metal and oil has clean vanished.

Their half a ship (below) with its "front" in the air and its stern sitting right down in the water didn't like it at all. Now it has a beautiful new half (right)



Hitler and his grisly gang have never yet been able to estimate correctly what they must allow for British courage. Here's a story of the sea which explains why—and it is told in his inimitable way

By Commodore G. Pursey Phillips

The broken midships of the tanker cocks up out of the sea. Her stern settles. With a frightful roar, a fire bursts hungrily out of the smashed flatness amidships, and flames and smoke enshroud the sinking after-part in what every man aboard the U-boat believes to be a funeral pall.

And the U-boat submerges again and sinks away.

No attempt is made to pick up any survivors. After all, the English have fed the sea for a thousand years, and never a wave goes shoreward but lifts some sunken keel that once the English manned; so why turn back to save?

Men went down to the dark sea depths when the bow half of *Imperial Transport* was so suddenly stricken away; but, beneath the flames and oily smoke, the stern half still floats, at an angle no seaman has ever seen, heeled over, afire, with every instrument smashed and every chart and navigational help gone—but afloat, and with Skipper Bill Small aboard.

And Skipper Small is one of those men the powers of Hell can't down; and, with half a ship, half a crew, nothing to steer by but the stars above him, and no more fear in him than a brindled mastiff, he calmly sets out to return to port.

First of all they tackle the fire.

A fire at sea is a dreadful thing. A fire in a ship smashed like that, with nothing in particular left working, no proper steering, engines shaken out of their beds, and the whole thing no more than a metal shell round thousands of tons of explosive oil, is indescribable.

A Sixpenny Atlas

The midships of the vessel, where she had been cut off, were white hot. The decks were like a roof, sticking up to the sky. At any moment the ship might turn turtle.

But they turned to and got those fires out. How, I cannot pretend to tell you, except it was by dogged, damned determination of a sort that only English seamen know. That, and courage, and an instinct that can never be taught.

In what was left of their vessel, someone found a sixpenny atlas. After all, as all their charts were gone, they had to have something!

Skipper Small steered her (I could almost laugh at this talk of "steering" a bowless ship!) by the sun and the stars, and if he couldn't see either when the weather was rough, then he steered her by the light of Nature alone. And that was pretty murky.

Weathered a Storm

They came across some dirty weather: the second day, and their half a ship, with its "front" in the air and its stern sitting right down in the water, didn't like it at all. But somehow, filthy and tattered and burned and sleepy, they managed to cajole and worry and kick it along towards home.

They sailed their half a ship a hundred miles—two hundred miles—three hundred miles. They met nobody, and nobody interfered with them.

Once, they saw what was obviously a German commerce raider flying very fast and low over the water, far away. But perhaps it had something on its mind—or on its tail—for it took no notice of them.

And then, when they were progressing towards their fourth hundred miles and were very near home, a British warship came over the horizon. It came nearer. You could almost see it shade its eyes and hear its astounded oaths.

It took off the survivors from the after part of the *Imperial Transport*. They were not anxious to go. They said they would prefer to finish the voyage

under their own power. They made uncomplimentary remarks.

But the British Navy is not to be gainsaid.

However, the warship stood by until the half a ship was taken in tow and duly removed to a British yard.

And there they built a new half—ever such a smartly painted bow half, with an armoured deck-house and all sorts of modern gadgets and a nice smart mast, and I don't know what.

And they joined the two halves together, and riveted and welded and smote; and presently *Imperial Transport*, once more of 8,000 tons, sailed modestly out into the haze of the deep sea and carried on her work where she had left it off.

I don't know whether that ship feels a ghostly thrill in her plates to-day as she sails over the place where the front half of her lies rusting, down in the deeps among the blind white sea-serpents that are scarcely more legendary than her own history.

I doubt if her skipper would give much truck to that sort of fanciful stuff. After all, he is a practical seaman, busy about his affairs, and (apparently) as able to bring home half a ship as a whole one.

I only say that German seamen couldn't have done it. I only wish Hitler and Goering and Goebbels and Streicher and a few others of the Grisly Gang had been aboard as a sole crew when that ship fell in half. I would have liked to see them, and hear them, and know what they tried to do before they went down the Locker.

That's all!

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THE HUMAN MACHINE

● If you have not yet succeeded in doing successfully something on which your heart is set, don't despair. Keep on trying.

You're not the only one who has had to wait a long time for results. There have been plenty of people, now famous, who would never have been heard of if they had been in a hurry, been easily discouraged, been faint-hearted and unsure of themselves.

Take, for instance, the late Jack London. Surely he found success easy?

Did he? He wrote steadily for two years before he found a buyer for a

single story, and during that time he filled a three-foot spike with rejection slips!

Well, the late Zane Grey, then. Surely this famous writer of cowboy yarns didn't have to fight for recognition? Why, when he died he was earning a quarter of a million dollars a year!

Maybe—but he began by writing for seven years without getting a word accepted!

"Great works," said Kesselring, "are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance. Your palace was raised by single stones yet you see its height and spaciousness."

A. G. GARDINER DECLARES THAT THE GREAT CHARTER WELDED BY ROOSEVELT AND CHURCHILL



DESTINY OF MANKIND IN THE BALANCE

THE dramatic meeting at sea of the President of the United States and Mr. Churchill, coupled with the issue of their joint Declaration of Peace aims, is as important for what it implies as for what it achieved.

The issue of the Declaration itself is a momentous fact. The document is necessarily general, but it lays down the principles which the signatories agree should govern the peace.

It is a statement of our common policy before the tribunal of world opinion, and in the light of its humane and liberal purpose the naked barbarism of Hitler's so-called New Order is exposed in all its hideous shapes.

Rights of Nations

Against the doctrine of Force is set the doctrine of peaceful co-operation. Against the insolent claim of a conquering race to rule the earth, there is the guarantee that the rights and liberties of all nations shall be respected, and that, where outraged, they shall be restored.

The sovereignty of law in the affairs of nations is to be established, and President Roosevelt's "four freedoms" are to be secured by the abolition of competitive armament on sea, on land and in the air.

THE GRIEVANCES OF NATIONS ARE TO BE SUBJECT TO THE PROCESSES OF LAW AND JUSTICE AS IN PRIVATE AFFAIRS, AND A VITAL ELEMENT IN THIS WORLD ORDER IS TO BE THE EQUAL ACCESS BY ALL NATIONS TO THE RAW MATERIALS OF LIFE AND INDUSTRY.

In all this there is nothing that the sane aspirations of men of good will in all lands will not endorse. Its significance is in the fact that the two great members of the English-speaking world, the one a belligerent, the other a non-belligerent, have solemnly committed themselves to its achievement.

And the circumstance that the Declaration was issued after the discussion, in the presence of the military and naval experts of both sides, of the ways and means of winning the war and making this just peace possible warrants the conclusion that it is the prelude to another step. What is that step?

The Battle for Oil

Hitler is letting out every stitch of canvas from Vichy to Tokyo to snatch a decision before the winter. Last August he came a cropper in the Battle of Britain. This August he is gambling all in the Battle of Russia.

IT WOULD BE MORE ACCURATE TO SAY THE BATTLE FOR OIL. FOR, THOUGH THE CONQUEST OF RUSSIA IS VITAL TO HIS ULTIMATE SCHEME, HIS IMMEDIATE GOAL IS THE BAKU OILFIELDS.

IF HE CAN TAP THAT SOURCE OF SUPPLY HE MAY BE ABLE TO FACE A LONG WAR. IF HE CANNOT HIS DAYS ARE NUMBERED.

He did not reckon on a long war, and great though his reserves were, his mighty machine is devouring them voraciously, and he has no present means of adequately replenishing them. *He must have fuel or perish.*

And since Stalin would not give him the

Russian oil, he has gone to get it. He is finding the task more formidable than he expected, but the peril is great. His spearhead is driving to the Black Sea and the Caucasus, and he is flogging his vassals from Vichy to Rome and Rome to Tokyo to simultaneous activities that will worry and occupy his enemies while his back is turned to Europe.

It is the moment for a bold counter-stroke. In the air and at sea we are dealing smashing blows at Germany's power-house, her transport system and the morale of her people. We are active in Libya, in the Mediterranean, in Asia Minor. We are talking in refreshingly stern tones to Iran, to Vichy, to Japan, to Spain.

BUT THE RESOUNDING COUNTER-STROKE THAT SHOULD CHANGE THE WHOLE BALANCE OF THE WAR IS NOT YET DELIVERED.

It is not in our power to deliver it. We have the ace of trumps in reserve, but we cannot play it. *Only Washington can play it.*

And at the risk of being impolite I suggest that the time has come to ask Washington plainly whether she wants us to win and Hitler to lose, and, if so, whether she is doing what she ought to do in a war which involves her future as much as our own.

Downright Speech

I am encouraged to do this by the downright speech in London the other day by that famous American, Mr. Herbert Agar:

"We have got to win the war together," he said. "In God's name then do not encourage us to indulge the fancy that if America supplies the guns, tanks and aeroplanes, somebody is going to win the war for us. . . . Every time you encourage the American people to think like that you help to put them to sleep, and it takes us weeks to wake them up again. Do not help us to go to sleep: help us to stay awake."

I am going to respond to that appeal. And I do so, not in the spirit of a suppliant asking



President Roosevelt has never had any delusions about this War and he must know that the ace of trumps can only be played from Washington

for alms from a disinterested but benevolent passer-by. I do so as one who speaks for those who are bearing the heat and burden of a battle for the liberties of America as much as for our own.

Is there any sane American who doubts that if we lost the war the whole American continent would be in imminent peril of conquest by Nazi Germany?

Is that not the daily reiterated belief of every authoritative voice in the Government of America—of Col. Knox, the head of the Admiralty; of Mr. Stimson, the head of the Army; of Mr. Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State; and of the President himself.

Life-and-Death Struggle

For what other reason has the United States adopted conscription, voted unheard of sums for gigantic armies and navies, set up air bases from Iceland to the West Indies, co-operated with the South American republics and Canada in common defence measures? Against whom are these things done?

IT IS NOT BECAUSE WE ARE IN DANGER. IT IS BECAUSE SHE IS IN DANGER. AND SHE IS IN DANGER FROM THE SAME ENEMY WITH WHOM WE ARE LOCKED IN A LIFE-AND-DEATH STRUGGLE.

Is it enough, then, that she should supply us with arms, live her ordinary life, wish us well and cheer us on as one cheers on a favourite team in a football match? Is not her place in the scrimmage rather than in the serried tiers of the spectators' grandstand?

And this, not in our own interest, but in her own. *For it is plain sense that it would be better for America to help to win the war on this side of the Atlantic than run the risk of losing it on the other side.*

In saying this I am not indifferent to the moral support and material help which come from America. Both are invaluable.

But they are only the shadow of what might be. The facts about America's war industry, disclosed by Mr. Agar and by Mr. Brailsford in the *New Statesman*, are gravely disquieting.

There is a terrific boom in production. But it is not the production of armaments. It is the production of motor-cars, refrigerators, and all the luxuries of a people enjoying a flood of prosperity.

Light-Hearted Strikers

Big business is revelling in big profits, and Labour is organising strikes as light-heartedly as if one half of the world were not perishing in an inferno of destruction. To both the war is a far off "tale of little meaning, though the words are strong."

"GIVE US THE TOOLS AND WE WILL FINISH THE JOB" WAS A JUDICIOUS REMARK WHEN IT WAS MADE. BUT IT NO LONGER MEETS THE CASE.

It does not meet it because the tools are not coming in the volume that is required.



And they will not come awake and her industry will not come until war is her war.

The ace of trumps hands. It would not be say that it has been the began. The day she played letter day of the war.

It would be hard to moral or the material effort important.

With industry gear American production with nomical dimensions the Nazi output hopelessly United States Navy operation with our own Atlantic would be won dominion of the seas a possible challenge.

THOSE TWO FACTS SETTLE THE ISSUE OF HOW LONG, IT COULD BE

Slave — o

And the moral effect the war—perhaps beyond

It is in the search for mendacious facts that the Declaration jointly issued and President Roosevelt

If that Declaration more than a pious statement implemented by action from end to end. The wreckage of a thousand flagration has reached

The whole destiny balance. Slave or Free

It is because the Declaration delivery of the master-slave it has fanned the flame of defiance in all the stricken

ROOSEVELT AND CHURCHILL MUST BE IMPLEMENTED BY ACTION, AND ADDRESSES SOME—



Venomous Darlan, leading the Judases, dares to talk to the people of France about honour. This from a man who, with the Quislings in his train, plotted to lose the war! He has made himself a Dictator, but his fear of the real France grows with his added power

—Plain Words to the Traitors of France

And they will not come until America is awake and her industry is on a war-footing. It will not come until she realises that this war is her war.

The ace of trumps is in Washington's hands. It would not be an exaggeration to say that it has been there ever since the war began. The day she plays it will be the red-letter day of the war.

It would be hard to decide whether the moral or the material effect would be the more important.

With industry geared to a war tempo, American production would soar to astronomical dimensions that would leave the Nazi output hopelessly outpaced. With the United States Navy working in full co-operation with our own, the Battle of the Atlantic would be won out of hand, and our dominion of the seas established beyond all possible challenge.

THOSE TWO FACTS ALONE WOULD SETTLE THE ISSUE OF THE WAR. SHORT OR LONG, IT COULD HAVE ONLY ONE END.

Slave — or Free?

And the moral effect would be to shorten the war—perhaps beyond our wildest dreams.

It is in the searching light of these tremendous facts that the world will scan the Declaration jointly issued by Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt.

If that Declaration is to be something more than a pious aspiration, it must be implemented by action. Europe is blazing from end to end. The seas are strewn with the wreckage of a thousand ships. The conflagration has reached the Pacific.

The whole destiny of mankind is in the balance. Slave or Free? Which is to be?

It is because the Declaration points to the delivery of the master-stroke of the war that it has fanned the flame of hope and confidence in all the stricken lands.

UNDoubtedly the effect of the Declaration will be felt nowhere more than in France. Just a hundred and fifty years ago that country sent out a no less thrilling message to mankind.

It was a message of emancipation such as the world had not heard before. It proclaimed the gospel of the Brotherhood of men, of Liberty, Fraternity, Equality.

And that gospel rang round the globe to the strains of the *Marseillaise*, the great battle-song of human freedom. The wide earth echoed to that immortal summons, and though there were blots on the Revolution, it lighted a flame in the soul of humanity that has never gone out.

*"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive
And to be young was very heaven,"*

sang Wordsworth, and in all lands it was felt that a new and juster and freer life for all mankind had come to birth. Democracy was born.

TO-DAY THAT GREAT GOSPEL IS SLAIN, TRAMPLED ON, OUTRAGED IN THE FAIR LAND FROM WHICH IT SPANG.

The people are enslaved. Their land is desecrated by a brutal foe and broken into fragments. Their wealth is stolen, their harvests ravished, their civilisation insulted, their forms of government shrunk to the iron rule of an alien secret police.

The *Marseillaise* is silenced, or if heard is heard only in mockery or as the forbidden reminder of vanished glories.

And this hideous fate has come upon them, not alone by the cunning of a remorseless robber State, plotting their downfall in secret for years.

It has come upon them by Treachery within. Blacker treachery has never stained the pages of history. Behind the mask of a simple-minded soldier, ignorant and in his dotage, a group of gangsters have sold France, bound hand and foot, to her ancient enemy.

THEY plotted to do this, not after defeat. *The Judases plotted for the defeat. They plotted to lose the war.* The reptile Laval, whose part in the plot is so notorious that he dare not yet emerge into the light before his betrayed countrymen, was the principal in this unspeakable crime.

AND IN HIS TRAIN WERE A HOST OF QUISLINGS, FROM THE SLEEK BONNET AND THE AMBITIOUS AND VENOMOUS DARLAN DOWNWARDS.

The seeds of defeatism were sown throughout the army and throughout the land. The nation was rotted within by a network of Fifth Columnists.

And having engineered the defeat, they seized the Government and plotted the surrender. No Gambetta was allowed to appear to light the spirit of France with the flame that makes the war of 1870 an heroic memory. Those who would have died for the honour of France and the liberties of

France were clapped into jail or driven into exile. To-day France is a prison of the French nation. The key of the prison is in Hitler's hands, and the Gestapo is the Government of France, with the French quislings apeing the rôle of caretakers.

THEY HAVE, AT THE DICTATION OF HITLER, DESTROYED THE REPUBLIC. THEY HAVE WIPED OUT THE WHOLE GOSPEL OF THE REVOLUTION.

They have thrown great gobbets of the empire that was the glory of Free France to the wolves.

They only await a favourable moment to throw all, including the Navy, into Hitler's hands, and embark France on open shameless war upon the Ally they have betrayed as they betrayed their own people.

BUT they have one fear. It is a great fear. The fear that haunts Quisling in Norway is the fear that haunts Darlan in France. It is the fear of the people.

He has enslaved his country to Germany in order to posture as a Dictator of France. But he is Dictator not by grace of the French people but by virtue of his treachery to the French people.

He has put that people under lock and key. He has doubled his police. He has abolished a free Parliament. He has suppressed all the liberties of life. He has imprisoned and outlawed those who stand for the honour of France.

But there is one thing he cannot kill. That is, the soul of the French people. It was that people which taught the world the passion of liberty that sounds for ever in the *Marseillaise*.

THE ROOTS OF ITS FREEDOM ARE TOO DEEP IN THE SOIL TO PERISH FROM ONE FOUL BLOW HOWEVER OVERWHELMING.

And as the truth of the infamy at home that has brought this shame and ruin comes to light, the wrath of the people will rise and smite the authors of that infamy.

That is the fear that haunts Darlan and his fellow quislings and gangsters.

And that is why the Proclamation of the Magna Carta of Freedom will strike like the chill of death to the heart of the Vichy gangsters.

For that Proclamation sounds the assurance of deliverance in the hearts of the French people. It is the undying spirit of the *Marseillaise* translated into terms of will and power.

And to that summons all that is patriotic, all that glows with the love of the Fatherland and the passion for freedom, will respond.

It will respond all the more enthusiastically because it emphasises the growing community of purpose between the British Commonwealth of Nations and the American Commonwealth, and foreshadows the day when United States goodwill and sympathy with the common cause will be translated into action.

BRIBERY IS GROWING

SCOTLAND YARD officers are investigating a new war ramp. It is known that tradesmen have received excessive payments for food stocks supposed to have been lost or destroyed in air raids. Bribery is alleged. Already one case has come before the courts.

A man named Alfred Michael Lewis, of Kensington Close, London, has been sent to jail for "corruptly accepting £100 as an inducement for showing favour."

Lewis was employed by the Board of Trade as an assessor and dealt with claims under the War Risks Insurance Act.

He told a company director that, if paid £100, he would look favourably upon any claim made by the company. Unless the money was paid, the claim would be held up!

War Breeds Corruption

Now, this was an isolated case. Graft is becoming gravely prevalent. "War breeds corruption," says Mr. R. M. Leonard, secretary of the Bribery and Secret Commissions Prevention League. "It was so in the Boer War, in 1914-18, and to-day history is again repeating itself."

It is being practised by Army officers, State officials and war contractors.

In recent times scores of cases have been reported to the police, Government departments, the Bribery Prevention League or to JOHN BULL.

How varied they have been can be illustrated by a few examples.

An Army captain, acting as an impressment officer, accepted bribes to show favour to firms engaged in military transport work.

An Air Ministry employee levied a bribe as the price of reporting favourably on contractors' jobs.

He extracted money from one firm by threatening to send in an adverse report unless his palms were well greased.

A local clerk of works, engaged on the extension of sewage plants, similarly took money with the understanding that he would not reject materials supplied by a sub-contractor.

One Government official, at Plymouth, received a secret commission of 2½ per cent. on a State contract.

Systematic Bribery

The sordid list of war contract scandals is indeed a long one. A particularly remarkable entry is the name of John Sloan Larmour, an Edinburgh contractor.

His affairs were investigated by the police for many months.

But, as he pleaded guilty to the charges brought against him, little evidence was called and little appeared in the Press about him.

None the less, his case is worth public attention.

In connection with War Office contracts, Larmour systematically bribed officers of the Crown.

Briefly, his plan was to obtain from corrupt accomplices such information as the names of firms invited to tender for War Department contracts and the actual tenders submitted.

With this information, he was able to carry out his plans over the heads of honest competitors.

He met his confederates at his Edinburgh office, in hotels and restaurants. To round off one plan he went to

Belfast, where he bribed an official with £450.

An Army officer stationed in Scotland received £215. A second accepted £180, a third got £120.

Other soldiers, including staff sergeant-majors, received smaller sums. An Edinburgh official was handed £140.

Wanted: A Black List

Larmour has now been sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

But that cannot be an end of the matter.

It is to be hoped that the Secretary for War will be able to inform M.P.s when Parliament reassembles, what punishment has been inflicted on the Government servants and others who have so gravely abused their trust.

It is certainly understandable that a group of M.P.s wants the Prime Minister to compile a Black List of contractors who have bribed civil officials or Servicemen.

But I must emphasise that war contracts are by no means the only subjects of corruption just now.

Several local officials have been dismissed for taking money to show favour in the granting of petrol licences.

So have Food Ministry officials for accepting bribes to provide caterers with excess food-supplies.

Frederick Arthur Rackham, ex-chief

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

World Peace—Paid for in Advance!

JOHAN VAN RYSWYK, monocled and dapper little man who once boasted that he directed a world-wide Peace organisation with a membership of 16,000,000, is at it again.

Undaunted by his past failures to "create a permanent World Peace," he has now launched a new movement, the New Constitutional Order, which is to bring peace and prosperity to us all.

With the support of the unnamed members of his Supreme Council, he began his campaign recently with the first of a series of public meetings at Alliance Hall, Westminster.

Addressing an audience of less than a hundred, the Founder of the new Order declared that "A new era is going to start to-night."

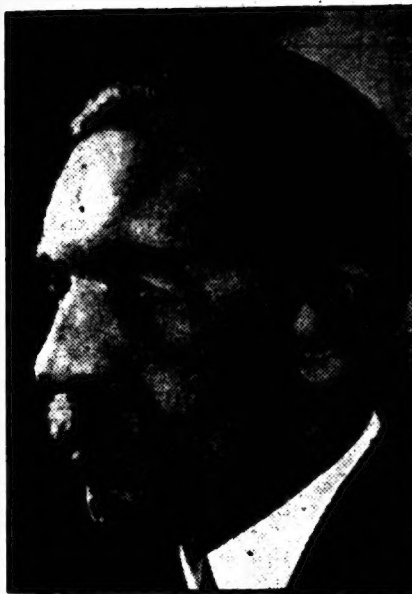
I hope he was right.

★ ★ ★
Meantime, the audience was asked to give liberally. "Supporters" are requested to make a minimum donation of £5 a year "in advance," while ordinary members pay a shilling a month.

I am not impressed with John van Ryswyk or his New Constitutional Order. Only a few years ago he was Commander-in-Chief of a movement called the World Legions Avatar.

He then talked eagerly of the membership of 16,000,000 men and women in far-flung legions throughout the world who were to create a "permanent World Peace."

Earlier still he was the Supreme Master Servant of the Temple of Service, another world-wide organisation which seems to have petered out into nothing.



Sir David Milne-Watson, President of the Bribery and Secret Commissions Prevention League, which is fighting war time grafters

naval recruiting officer at Leeds, sought bribes from men seeking enlistment in the Navy.

A Home Office man took money to expedite the release of an interned alien.

Two Ministry of Labour employees lined their pockets for placing men on the Reserved Occupations list.

A billeting officer fraudulently backdated billeting allowances. An Official Receiver's clerk sought bribes from a parish clerk who was in difficulties.

Magistrates Convicted

During the past six months three lay magistrates have been convicted of corruption!

Unfortunately, too many such cases are dealt with in the lower courts.

In my opinion, every serious case should be sent for trial, in which case, instead of the usual police court fine or short sentence, the offenders may be sentenced to as much as two years' hard labour and a £500 fine on each charge.

Even two years is not enough for some rogues who enrich themselves by corrupt means when their country is fighting for its existence!

PUT THEM IN THE DUSTBIN

"THE Empire Fellowship Club" sounds an impressive enough title. But it's really nothing more than a fee-snatching agency.

Operating from Queensberry Place, London, S.W., it seeks members who have to pay half-a-guinea for introductions to their own sex alone, and £1 11s. 6d. (ladies) and £2 2s. (gentlemen) for introduction to members of both sexes over a period of twelve months. There are also contributions to "Our Own Fund," whatever that may be.

The "Club" is a hole-and-corner business run solely by a woman named Margaret Scott.

★ ★ ★
B. Y. Dobson, of The Cottage, Coven Heath, Wolverhampton, also conducts a "Matrimonial and Friendly Correspondence Club for Lonely People," which is obviously just another name for himself.

He issues literature of the crudest type, and the dustbin is the best place for it.

★ ★ ★
The Shylocks in the mean streets are busy finding victims.

Many women borrow £1 and agree to repay 37s. 6d. in weekly instalments. Half-way through the repayments a

This Name Doesn't Make News

IT is not surprising that I am receiving inquiries about an impudent overseas ramp run from the Confederation Building, Montreal, Canada, in the name of the North American News-Press.

Advertisements are appearing in small English newspapers to the effect that one of the leading news and feature agencies of America wants a local correspondent, male or female, in every city, town and locality.

A man named J. Aubin answers inquiries by sending a stereotyped letter in which they are informed that the work consists of providing the North American News-Press with "news features, stories, photographs," etc., and that they may be required from time to time to carry out special assignments.

Application forms for enrolment are attached, in which the usual questions such as age, religion, and experience are asked.

He Wants Your Money

There are several reasons why I advise everyone to completely ignore this concern's advertisements.

In the first place, with the return to them of the application form, 5 dollars—22s. 6d.—has to be sent.

Secondly, none of the leading reference books gives any mention of this supposedly "leading" American agency.

Thirdly, no properly organised journalistic company would appoint correspondents in this strange manner, as much more direct and businesslike facilities are available in Fleet Street and in provincial Press circles.

Fourthly, I have discovered that the Canadian police, in conjunction with the Canadian Postal Authorities, have already seized some of the mail addressed to this firm.

This is because the address has been prohibited for the receipt of mail—from offices there and others in Montreal inspiring communications have been at times sent to people on this side of the Atlantic in connection with sharepushing operations.

It is obviously the 5 dollars he's after, so keep your money in your pockets!

new loan is offered, which settles the first and starts a new series of repayments.

Too late the dupe realises that the interest has reached a terrible rate.

★ ★ ★
Once again I must appeal to women whose husbands or sons are with the Services to steer clear of the "Enlarge-ment Racketeers."

A man calls upon you with an expensive-looking frame and offers to enlarge any photograph and place it in a similar frame for 17s. 6d. or so. He will call weekly for instalments and, when a stipulated number of payments have been collected, deliver the finished article.

After calling for several weeks he disappears, and with his associates makes off for another town to find fresh dupes.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. A. H. CREEK, Lucy Lane, Stanway, Colchester, receives this week's £1 1s. for supplying up-to-date information for one of my dossiers.

If you want any local scandal looked into, write to me and mark your envelope "Public Benefactor."

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VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

WAS told in No. 1 cigarette shop: "Nothing to sell."

In No. 2: "Sorry. No cigarettes."

In No. 3: "Nothing."

Five able-bodied men and four healthy looking girls stood behind empty counters to tell me this.

Surely an invitation to the Minister of Labour to do something with them, for, while we can do without smokes, the country cannot do without armament production.—A. B. Cook, 28, Taylor Road, Wallington, Surrey.

Officialdom's Joke

I received a notice to pay £2 12s. 6d. premium for war damage insurance in respect of my house.

Two days later I received a second demand in respect of a small strip of garden alongside the house. As it was assessed at 5s., and the agricultural rate is sixpence in the pound, the demand was for one penny.

I made a second journey to pay it. Even the official

laughed as he handed me over a receipt for the penny.—J. E. Cooper, 21, Cloughton Street, Kidderminster.

Tell Us Another

New version of the story of Russians passing through Britain in snow-covered boots. . . .

Everybody you meet tells of gipsies offered a field, but refusing it on the grounds that it is due to be bombed that night. And it is bombed, of course.—B. C. Maggs, 4, Walters Crescent, Mumbles, Swansea.

Chief difficulty of gipsies is knowing where to-morrow's dinner is coming from.

Lawful Cheating

I have seen bootlaces marked at 17s. 6d. a pair in market places—with the boots thrown in free.

I have seen stallkeepers don jackets and overcoats in which customers happen to be interested, and then say: "Offer me so much for the second-hand clothes I am wearing."

It is strange, too, that one sees displayed second-hand clothing on which it is impossible to find a trace of wear.

All this may be just within the law—but surely it is wrong to cheat in this way laws regarded as important to victory.—C. Lewis, Basford Villa, Basford, Stoke-on-Trent.

One Fool Blundered

I wanted to spend a few days under canvas.

So I looked up a list of camping sites and wrote to one.

Back came the reply: "Camping is no longer allowed here as a new munition factory is being built on the spot."

I wouldn't tell my best friend the address. In fact, I have destroyed the letter. Yet the secret a thousand careful people keep hidden one careless one can betray to the enemy.—E. Orme, Birley Moor Road, Frecheville, Sheffield.

You Get Things Done

"Voice of the People" not only gives readers a chance to air their views, but also to get things done.

Recently, I pointed out in "our page"

how stolen food, kept as evidence for police court hearings, was allowed to go bad.

When a charge concerning the theft of peas was brought in the local court this week, the police superintendent said that only a small sample was being kept as evidence—the rest had been distributed as food.—Mrs. M. L. Abbott, Elm Road, Shefforth, Beds.

Good Value

How can old-age pensioners and other very poor men and women owning houses pay the war damage contribution now being demanded?

I have just been asked for £1 11s. 6d. That, to an old-age pensioner, is a very large sum. And it has to be paid yearly for five years.

It means cutting scanty rations until they are even scantier. Surely old-age pensioners should be exempt? Annie Winslow, Woodcot, Penn. High Wycombe, Bucks.

Not unless you own a house completely do you have to pay the full amount. If

you are part owner the Building Society has to pay its due. Our view is that private enterprise couldn't give you so cheap an insurance against so obvious a danger. Besides, the war has increased the value of property by ten times more than the insurance premium demanded. So long as a little patience is shown in collecting the money we have no criticisms.

Dodging the Rations

One old chap of 87 hasn't bought a new suit or pair of shoes for twelve years.

Sometimes he goes to the "old clo" shops. More often he has cast-offs given to him.

To-day, through clothes rationing, he is in clover. Seven different men have offered to keep him in old clothes in return for his coupons.

I know this exchange system is going on on a big scale! It makes clothes rationing a farce. Well-to-do people usually have a good stock of part-worn clothing, and so will get all the coupons they want no matter how long the war lasts.—S. Fraser, Ladbroke Grove, W.

Hess

In the Welsh cemetery of Michaelstone-y-Fedw you will find a tombstone inscribed: "Elizabeth Mackie, wife of Carl Hess, who died at Bystock, Exmouth, Devon, June 13, 1891, aged 38. In life beloved: in death never forgotten."

Carl Hess was Rudolf Hess' father—one of Nature's gentlemen, kindly, incapable of a harsh word.

It was a tragedy to the world that his beloved first wife died so young, for, returning to Germany, he married a German woman, and together they gave the world one of the most-despised creatures of all time, murderer Hess.—R. N. S., Cardiff.

Senseless Law

Pleased though I was to see a reader ventilating the grievance of A.P.S. men being refused refreshments at station canteens, I would like to point out that the fault is not with the organisations that run these centres.

I work in a Salvation Army canteen.



SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

Not even yet will they allow any films of the American troops in Iceland. Everyone knows they are there. But Hush-Hush goes on. To Whitehall it is a private war.

ARE DOMESTIC SERVANTS NECESSARY?

● I was astounded to hear a famous woman journalist say the other day that when she was in a Birmingham hotel with a colleague, the cloakroom attendant said: "Why did the papers attack that woman who had nine servants?"

They gave the obvious answer. "But why shouldn't the woman have servants to keep her home going for after the war?" persisted the attendant.

While this mentality remains—it's not exclusive, you see, to the employing class—it will go on—unless Ernest Bevin stamps down his foot.

Many well-to-do women still regard themselves as superior to rules merely made, they think, for the masses.

The advertisements you often see in local papers—advertising "Maid wanted, Three on staff. Two in family"—are nothing short of a national scandal.

SHOULD CHURCH PARADES BE STOPPED?

● What is the good of making a man go to a religious service unless he wishes? Compelled, he remains hostile all through the proceedings and, indeed, becomes more and more cynical.

Some officers show considerable tolerance in regard to this sort of thing. They excuse a man who objects to it.

Others, more realistic, say: "Well, if you won't go to church, you must peel potatoes."

Some soldiers, to dodge church parades, invent a religion to which they say they belong.

"I am a Patagonian," said a colleague in the last war, "and the nearest church is at Greenwich, six miles away."

Allowed to go there, he went for a nice walk.

Another man I know said: "I always go to a P.S.A."

He was allowed to do this.

Few military chaplains know the contempt in which many of their flock are held by men who are compelled to listen to their dreary addresses. There are, of course, popular chaplains. But most of these object as much to compulsion as the men do.

ARE THE B.B.C. PROGRAMMES DULLER?

● They seem worse now than they did, because people are bored to tears by the long announcements, including the name of every unknown actor who has just appeared in a minor sketch, mention of the producer, and such childish rhymes chanted to music as "Produced by Harry Pepper"

On Sundays, for instance, we are now given a long description of features which are to be heard in the forthcoming week, these even including extracts from them!

Fancy a theatre manager trying to sell, at the end of a show, copies of the programme! Yet, after a broadcast play, the B.B.C. reads out all the details!

B.B.C. entertainment does not lack so much, in its living material, as many think. It is amateur showmanship, the ingenuousness of its schoolboy chaffing and the absurd use of the word "maestro" about the conductor of a jazz band.

WHO HOLDS UP OUR WAR PICTURES?

● Brass Hatdom permeates almost every branch of the Services at home.

The most recent case is that of Sergeant Ward, the war's first New Zealand V.C. The newscast people wanted to photograph him expressing his view that his magnificent plane had a large part in his adventure.

"Oh no," said the Air Ministry, in pained horror.

So all they got was a picture of Ward's commander congratulating him.

Now the Germans or the Russians would have given every help.

"It is easier for German cameramen to take pictures because they are advancing," said one newscast editor.

Another replied: "The Russians are sending war films to Britain, and they are retreating."

Anyway, it is not the fault of the newscast editors. They are hampered in every way. Authority is rigid.

Believing in the teaching "Do good unto all men," I hate to have to refuse food to A.P.S. men, as I often do.

But these canteens come under military law, which lays down: "No A.P.S. man can be served unless he is actually fighting a fire in the vicinity of the neighbourhood."—Miss C. F., Buckhurst Hill.

Mummy's Soldiers

Reading that letter about the soldier who sends his socks home for mother to mend made me angry.

I served nine years with the Colours, and I never sent socks home to be darned. And neither did any of my comrades.

A soldier is issued with all the materials for darning and mending because it is part of his craft as a soldier to be able to look after himself in this as in other respects.

A soldier who can't learn darning in a few weeks deserves to walk about sockless. He shouldn't be permitted to let mother do some of his soldiering.—R. Norman, ex-soldier, now A.P.S., Lee Street, Holderness Road, Hull.

Delayed Action

I was amused to read that, according to the Minister of Transport, "no vital war materials were held up by delays due to the holiday traffic."

I happen to know that 26 trucks of T.N.T. were held up in this way in the local sidings, necessitating special police guard for 24 hours every day.

The reason given for the delay was pressure of holiday traffic.

Perhaps T.N.T. is not a "vital war material" in the Transport Minister's eyes.—Mrs P. M. O. (address withheld for obvious reasons)

Minister can have details as to location of sidings if he wants them.

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY

HE was such a depressed-looking little man that I stood him a pint in the hope that I'd get him talking. I got him talking.

"You'd be depressed!" he said.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

And he explained that he was the Chairman of the Bimlington Amateur Dramatic Society.

"Quite likely," said I, "but what's the trouble?"

"Piano," said he.

"Piano?" said I.

"Can't get it," said he.

"Tell me," said I.

"Well, you see," said he, "when war broke out we had our headquarters at the Tower Hall, which is where the piano was. Which is where the piano is. It wasn't much of a piano, mind, but we didn't want to lose it. It had cost us five quid. Maybe four. Still, that doesn't matter. It was ours and we wanted it.

"When we heard that the Military had commandeered the Hall and taken possession we rather got the breeze up. So we sent our Hon. Sec. round to get the piano away, quick, before the Army could chop it up for firewood. He took a small trolley along with him. But he didn't get the piano."

"No?" said I.

"No!" said the Chairman of the Bimlington Amateur Dramatic Society.

"Tell me," said I.

"Well," said he, "the old Colonel in charge of affairs wasn't going to let go as easily as that. 'How do I know the piano is yours?' he said.

"I'm telling you," said our Hon. Sec.

"That's only your word for it," said the old Colonel. 'Anybody could walk in and say he's come for his piano. You say it's yours, but how do I know?'

"Well, I'm telling you," said our Hon. Sec.

"I shall want confirmation," said the old Colonel.

"Confirmation?" said our Hon. Sec.

"Yes," said the old Colonel. 'You'd better get a letter from somebody.'

WELL, we had a committee meeting about this, and I can tell you we were pretty well fed up at the fuss.

"We were tenants of a gent who owned the Hall, a gent name of George Bosom, who'd left the town at the outbreak of war and gone to Shropshire, and we thought about the best thing was to write to him and get him to send us a letter confirming that the piano really was the property of the Bimlington Amateur Dramatic Society, viz., us.

"So we did, and about three weeks later, not a day sooner, old George Bosom sends us this letter. And for the second time our Hon. Sec. goes round to the Hall with his little trolley.

"I've come," he said, 'for our piano—and here's the letter confirming.'

"But the old Colonel wasn't having any!

"It says here," he said, waving the letter, 'that the piano is the property of the Bimlington Amateur Dramatic Society.'

③ The band of experts dealing with readers' queries will handle any subject other than medical, on which you care to write.

The procedure is simple. Merely address your enquiry to JOHN BULL'S FREE ADVICE SERVICE, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing with it a stamped, addressed envelope.

Don't let that Financial, Insurance, or Sporting matter puzzle you further. Write to JOHN BULL about it!

"That's right," said our Hon. Sec. 'Well?'

"Well?" said the old Colonel.

"Well," said our Hon. Sec., 'I'm the Hon. Sec. of the Bimlington Amateur Dramatic Society.'

"How do I know?" said the old Colonel.

"I'm telling you," said our Hon. Sec.

"That's not good enough for me," said the old Colonel. 'You might be anybody. How am I to know? I shall require confirmation, you know.'

"Well, chase me to hell!" said our Hon. Sec., disgusted.

"Pardon?" said the old Colonel.

"Well, anyway, we had another committee meeting about a week later, and we drew up a letter confirming that our Hon. Sec. was our Hon. Sec., and, armed with this, he toddles round to the Hall with his little trolley.

"I've come," he said, 'for our piano—and here are now two letters confirming.'

BUT he couldn't kid the old Colonel. No, sir!

"How do I know," the old Colonel asked, 'that this man Bosom is this man Bosom? I mean, you might have got a pal of yours—anybody—up in Shropshire to write this letter, just so that you could get the piano out of my possession. I've got to be careful. You say this man Bosom is this man Bosom, but saying isn't enough for me. I shall require confirmation.'

"Well, chase me to hell and Dewsbury!" said our Hon. Sec., absolutely fed up with the whole thing by now.

"Still, there was nothing to be done. He couldn't budge the old Colonel an inch, and in the end he had to come away and drag his little trolley after him.

"He was sick? You're telling me!

"Now what I'm going to tell you may sound absolutely incredible, but it's true. We had another committee meeting and we worried old George Bosom some more.

"It took lots of letters, because naturally old George Bosom wasn't very much interested in our piano, and he wished we'd stop worrying him with our letters.

So we sent our Hon. Sec. round to get the piano away, quick, before the Army could chop it up for firewood. But he didn't get the piano.



REQUIRING CONFIRMATION

But he came up to scratch in the end, and he sent us a letter confirming that he was the said George Bosom, owner of the Tower Hall, and even enclosing a copy of his birth certificate.

"And for the fourth time our Hon. Sec. trundles his little trolley round!

"But did he get our piano? Sir, you don't have to ask me!

THE old Colonel said he'd got to be careful. How did he know that George Bosom was the owner of the Hall? He said so, but supposing somebody else turned up one morning with proof that he was the owner—and the old Colonel had let the piano go? What then?

"I shall want confirmation," he said.

"Well, chase me to hell and Dewsbury and Turnham Green!" said our Hon. Sec., who could have killed the old Colonel on the spot, only his hands were full of trolley.

"It sounds like a nightmare. It is a nightmare by now. I can assure you. It went on and on. You wouldn't believe it. I wouldn't—only I know it's true.

"Listen, sir. We got confirmation that old George Bosom was the sole proprietor of the Tower Hall, and our Hon. Sec. had a fifth go with his trolley. But did we get our piano? No, don't tell me. Let me guess!

"We did not get our piano! The old Colonel wasn't satisfied one little bit. Not one tiny mite of a piece! He said that all these letters were good enough as far as they went, but how far did they go?

"How did he know that it was our piano? We said we'd bought it, but had we? What if this were all a wheeze on our part to get possession of somebody else's piano? If so, and he let it go, and the real owner of the piano came along one day, he'd be properly in the fat, wouldn't he?

"I shall want confirmation," he said, 'that you really are the owners of this piano.'

"Well, chase me to hell and Dewsbury and Turnham Green and Islington Baths!" moaned our Hon. Sec., by this time as near to suicide as was healthy.

"Still. We had to get confirmation

that we really were the purchasers of the piano. And we got it. It took weeks, because the chap we'd bought it off had gone out of business and left the town years before. Yes, it took weeks, but we got it in the end.

"But we didn't get our piano, because that wasn't enough.

"For the next bit the old Colonel wanted confirmation of was that the piano we were after was the piano which we had purchased. Supposing it was another piano, a better one, and he let it go. He'd be for it then, wouldn't he?

"So we made up another letter of confirmation, describing the piano in detail.

"And that wasn't enough!

"We had to confirm this.

"We had to confirm that.

"We had to confirm the other thing!

"It just went on and on. I tell you, sir, I'm a changed man. You see these grey hairs on my temples? They're all because of our piano and letters confirming things.

"I look ten years older than I am—all because of our piano and letters confirming things. It's driving me crazy. Crazy, I tell you. Crazy. It just goes on and on and on. And on!"

He sank back in his chair and mopped his brow. He seemed absolutely beaten. I was so sorry for him that I stood him another pint.

"You mean to say," said I, "that you haven't got your piano yet?"

"By the time we do," said he, "I reckon it will have dropped to bits. Well, I gather so after our Hon. Sec.'s interview with the old Colonel this morning. It's ghastly. To quote a reader tongue than mine, chase me to hell and Shoreham-by-Sea!"

YOUR Hon. Sec. and the old Colonel must hate the sight of each other by this time," said I.

"Oh, no," said he.

"No?" said I.

"Well, they've only met once," said he.

"Once?" said I. "But didn't you say—? And if this affair has been going on for months..."

"Ah!" said he. "I see what you mean. But that was his father. Our old Hon. Sec. got so fed up that he retired, and he's gone to live in Dorset.

"It's his son who's trying to get the piano now. And, for a start, the old Colonel wants a letter confirming that he is the old man's son before he'll even argue with him!!! It's real hell, I can tell you!

"What did you say just now, sir? Going on for months. It's been going on for years. It was in August, 1914, that we left our piano in the Hall."

Settling Down Too Fast

HUMANIST this week advises a young soldier not to worry because his Army life has made him discontented with domestic mediocrity; deals with the case of a mother alienating her daughter; and tackles the problem of marriages in which there is a great disparity in age.

MANY will remember how difficult it was for men to settle down to civilian life at the end of the last war.

A young man of twenty-nine has written about the same problem because already he is feeling rather apprehensive.

For six years (he says) I have been a wholly contented family man, married to the best little wife in the world, and having a strapping little daughter of four.

I was completely satisfied with our life together, but now I have had a few months with the Forces things are entirely different.

When I go on leave my wife is just the same sweet, homely girl I have known so long. The house is still comfortable and spotlessly clean. Yet in some strange way I am always discontented and heave a sigh of relief when the farewells are said and I am once more in the train returning to the regiment.

To sit nice and cosy before the fire, with a good book and the wireless on simply drives me crazy with discontent; yet in my civvy days it was my idea of heaven.

Why is this, Humanist? I never have anything to do with other women and have no wish to do so. Why is it that after looking forward to going home for so long I am bored to tears when I get there?

I will be candid with him. I think he was settling down too fast. His idea of perfect happiness—a fireside, a book and a wireless in a comfortable family setting—sounds more suitable for a man of fifty. But the writer is still on the right side of thirty!

The Army has shaken him up and it is not a cause for regret. He is living in a bigger world, and the things that once seemed significant—local gossip, for example—look the trifles they really are.

There is no need to be gloomy. It's easy to be bored when one has nothing to do but to be petted and spoilt; but that is not likely to be his lot when he



I think he was settling down too fast (says Humanist). His idea of perfect happiness—a fireside, a book, and a wireless—sounds more suitable for a man of fifty

returns to civilian life. He will have his daily work, and he will be thankful to return to a spotlessly clean home presided over by a charming little wife and enlivened by a growing daughter.

A SINGLE girl writes about a different problem.

Is there any possible way in which one may learn to love one's parents? (she asks). You probably think I am a

pathological case and ought to be sent away in a plain van! But this is how it is.

My mother has made endless sacrifices for me and for my invalid sister. Financially we have led a very precarious existence owing to illness and my father's unemployment.

I have the greatest respect for my mother's intelligence and grit. I admire her with my head, but my heart does not enter into it, I just don't love her at all.

Perhaps the fact that she is a habitual nagger has something to do with it. From morning to night she is always on the top note. She seems to take a special delight in going for my father, who is a quiet, peace-at-any-price sort of man.

When I think about my father's unhappiness I find myself hating my mother. My whole childhood was embittered by those unwarranted attacks on my father. He could do nothing to please her.

Frankly, I don't think it is possible to force affection. One can't learn to love because one feels it to be a duty.

There is a streak of pity in the girl's feeling for her father. If he had been stronger minded and less inclined to be long-suffering the home would have been a happier place.

HERE is another common problem which has not been mentioned on this page for some years, but which reached me in a recent letter.

Is it possible for an elderly man to feel genuine love for a young girl? (asks this reader). Or for an elderly woman to fall in love with a man many years her junior?

Do you think such marriages between May and December stand any chance of success? If there are children, are they likely to be strong and healthy?

HOW THE R.A.F. LADS COME HOME IN THE DARK

ONE moment the aerodrome was a grey, shapeless huddle under the starlit sky. Then a pattern of lights traced a T across its centre.

Engines roared to life. Planes trundled into position.

Pat glanced from the cockpit of his machine. The upright of the T, represented by three flares, was perhaps three hundred yards in length.

Crystal Palace Memory

Two more flares, representing the crossbar of the T, were placed about a hundred yards on each side. Two more red flares appeared, one at each end of the upright.

Reminded you of firework day at the Crystal Palace, Pat thought. . . . Another triangle of lights coming up now in the take-off area.

Pat glanced over his machine. Ordinarily he would have carried a full set of lights, green on the starboard wing-tip, red on the port.

To-night, only his identification light under the plane was showing.

Well time to get cracking. Pat signalled with his identification light. From somewhere across the aerodrome the officer in charge answered.

A green light flashed back his exact identification signal, a signal changed almost every night. No chance for intruders.

Pat set his plane towards the T. He opened the throttle and roared down the right-hand side of the T.

Almost on the cross-piece he felt the machine bump twice and then shake off the ground.

He was climbing steeply now, the wheels tucked safely away in the plane's belly. Down below the flares were dwindling, the pattern gradually shrinking upon itself until the huge T had become a mere twig of light.

Other planes were coming up from the twig. A continuous stream, pouring out on night patrol. Five minutes later the lights were gone.

And suddenly that "speck of dust" feeling came over Pat. A mere mote absorbed in the giant night.

But what a mote! Oh, for the sight of a Heinkel. He strained his eyes into the darkness. Clumsy, senseless darkness.

Hurrying Lights

But this was not his lucky night. One hour later he was back over his base again. He felt a bit disgruntled.

Not even a whiff of an enemy plane. Then he sat up. Things were happening down there. Tiny lights hurrying across the aerodrome. Glow-worms stepped up to fantastic speeds.

The weather had changed. A squally wind had brought up clouds and blown away the stars. Pat went in closer to

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week **HUMANIST** tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

The young daughter of one of my friends has determined to marry a man old enough to be her father. He is a decent fellow, well able to support a wife in comfort; but we are all anxious about the lasting nature of such a union.

Your page is always the first we turn to when **JOHN BULL** arrives, and we look to you to tell us what you think about the subject. It is a matter of deep concern not only to the girl's parents but to her many friends.

It is impossible to make a rigid rule about such marriages. Some of them are undoubtedly successful. American doctors, who have been investigating the subject, say that the healthiest children are born of young mothers and middle-aged fathers!

Confucius, the great philosopher of China, was the offspring of a young mother and an elderly father. The great poet Goethe was another example.

The obvious danger of a marriage between Spring and Autumn is that the younger partner may fall in love with someone nearer his (or her) own age.

Another danger is that after a few years the younger partner may find himself (or herself) tied to an invalid or semi-invalid for life, and it is most probable that the later years when one needs companionship will be spent in loneliness.

There are arguments both ways. Frankly, it strikes me as unnatural. In India, for instance, it would be regarded as outrageous. To the people there it would be worse than their child-marriages appear to us.

the aerodrome and began signalling with his identification light.

A small red light winked back at him. As he expected. Something was definitely "up" down there. The red light meant, Keep flying.

He glanced at his petrol gauge. Getting low. Anyway, climb a bit and push around.

Then, down below, he saw the left-hand light of the T's cross-piece suddenly go out. It left an L in place of the T.

Calling Him In

So that was it. Something had blocked the left-hand side of the flare-path. He would have to land on the right-hand side.

A moment later a green light began winking down below again. They were calling him in now.

Down with the nose a bit. Easy does it. The right-hand side of the flare-path and no mistake.

Five minutes later, safely down, Pat asked a few questions.

Young Smithers had had all the luck. He had shot down a Heinkel after taking a burst of fire himself. His undercarriage had crumpled after landing on the flare-path.

No serious damage to himself or the plane, but the flare-path temporarily blocked.

Thus ended for Pat another night patrol. And once again he had reason to thank the ingenious gentlemen who devised the flare-path system.

In peace time there were searchlights, radio beams, floodlit aerodromes and landmarks. Now this skeleton system of flares served the same purpose with amazing efficiency.

NEW WORLD

THIS is a Battle for a Better World, a fight for all things Free, a struggle for the souls of men to reach their destiny; it is a mammoth thrust across Time's outspread unspoilt shores; it is the End of all the things that have fermented Wars

THIS is a Battle for a Better World, where common-sense prevails; it's the Windmill of Deliverance with the Wind of Life in its sails. It's the Silver Call of Creation's Horn sounded from Heaven's Shore; it's the contest for the Greatest Age that will free mankind from War.

THIS is a Battle for a Better World, a better world for you. That is why there's a special part that only you can do, for everyone will have a place in the Great New Peace on earth, and the greater sacrifice you make the greater your place be worth.

J. M.



I Think the Little Bottle HOLDS "MAGIC" —NOT TABLETS

The Change In Me Is Remarkable

HEADACHE, DEPRESSION
AND NERVOUS INDIGESTION
BANISHED BY

Yeast-Vite

BRAND TABLETS

Whitchurch,
June 17th, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

My nerves had been very bad since the war—headache, depression, and nervous indigestion.

I have taken one bottle only of Yeast-Vite, and the change in me is remarkable. I have regained my cheery attitude and lost much depression. I think the little bottle holds "magic"—not tablets.

(Sgd.) Mrs. D. S.

P.S.—Use this if you care to.

Birmingham,
July 2nd, 1941.

Gentlemen,
I would like to thank you for Yeast-Vite tablets.

I have introduced them to several of my patients, and two of them have come back to tell me that they have already bought some from the chemist, and feel the benefit of them.

(Sgd.) J. B. (Dentist).

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/5 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded as once and in full. YEAST-VITE brand tablets, 7d., 1/5, 3/5 and 5/5, including Purchase Tax. Sold Everywhere.

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Ministry of Works

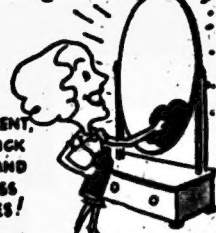
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POROUS CLOTH...



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LET IT
DRY A MOMENT,
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POLISH—AND
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The refined medicinal oils in Zam-Buk easily absorb into the skin. Thus pain, swelling, tenderness and tiredness are ended; blisters and sore toes are healed, and corns removed, root and all. Get a 1/5 or 3/5 box of Zam-Buk to-day.

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kills pain
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FROM BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES
& TAYLORS AND ALL CHEMISTS

BLACK SHEEP— BLACK MARKETS

Since the war the Ministry of Food has obtained convictions in 22,356 cases of offences against rationing or price control. Why has this been necessary? Only because thoughtless people do not realise that rationing and price control are part of our war effort, and selfish traders deliberately make excessive profits.

Because of this the Ministry of Food will put the crooked dealer out of business by revoking his licence.

This is part of the Ministry's ceaseless campaign against the Black market.

But remember—black markets exist for black sheep. There wouldn't be a black market if there weren't customers for it.



Issued by The Ministry of Food, London, S.W.1

The Sergeant
SWEARS
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KOLYNOS
of course!
THE PASSWORD TO WHITER BRIGHTER TEETH